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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 44—No. 9.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, St. James's-hall.**  
—Conductor, Dr. WYLD. —Subscribers are respectfully informed that the FIFTEENTH SEASON will commence in April next. The subscription is for five grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, on Wednesday evenings, and five grand public rehearsals, on the previous Saturday afternoons. Terms: Stalls and first row balcony, 22 2s.; second row balcony, 21 11s. 6d. The orchestra will be on the same grand scale as in previous seasons, and will consist of the most eminent instrumentalists. The stalls of subscribers of last season will be reserved for them until February 1st, after which date all unclaimed stalls will be offered by priority of application to new subscribers. Subscribers' names are received by the Hon. Sec., W. G. NICHOLLS, Esq., at 33, Argyll Street, W.; Messrs. Chappel and Co., 59, New Bond Street; Messrs. Lamborn Cook and Co., New Bond Street; Messrs. Olivier, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Hutchings and Romer, 9, Conduit Street, W.; and by Mr. Austin, ticket office, St. James's-hall.—W. GRANT NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.**—Professor STRENDAL BENNETT, Conductor.—First Concert, Monday, March 5th, at 8 o'clock, when will be performed Schumann's Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri." Principal Singers—Madame Parepa, Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Emily Pitt, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Whiffin, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Tickets to be obtained at Messrs. L. COCK, ADDISON, and Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street. CAMPBELL CLARKE, Secretary, 24, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS BERRY GREENING**  
begs to announce a series of three People's Saturday Night National Concerts, —Conductor, Herr GANZ—to take place at the above hall, on the evenings of March 10th, 17th, and 24th. On the 10th, an English Concert; 17th, an Irish Concert; 24th, a Scotch Concert. The bands of the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, and Scots Fusilier Guards, will play each evening. Artists of eminence will appear. Admission to all parts of the Hall, balcony excepted, ONE SHILLING. Balcony Dress Stalls, 6s.; Balcony Seats (bonnets), 2s. 6d. Tickets, any day, at the Hall.

**CRYSTAL PALACE (THIS DAY).—SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.**—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Alberto Lawrence. Solo Pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Programme includes Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, Beethoven's Concerto C minor, Schumann's Overture, "Manfred," &c.

Admission, Half-a-crown, or, by New System, Guinea Season Ticket. Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown, should be at once secured at the Palace.  
NOTE.—The Chinese Giant, Chang, and party will appear at the conclusion of the Concert on the great Orchestra. No extra charge.

**MADLE. LIEBHART.**

**MADLE. LIEBHART** will SING the immensely successful new Ballad, "The Lover and the Bird," (composed expressly for her by Guglielmo) at Clifton, on the 14th March.

**MADLE. LIEBHART.**

**MADLE. LIEBHART** will SING (by desire) the admired "LIEBHART POLKA," (composed expressly for her by Prof. R. Metlman) at Clifton, on the 14th March.

**MADLE. LIEBHART.**

**MADLE. LIEBHART** will SING the immensely successful New Ballad, "The lover and the bird," (composed expressly for her by GUGLIELMO) at the Inauguration of the City of London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition, Guildhall, on the 6th March.

**MISS BERRY GREENING.**

**MISS BERRY GREENING** (who has been hitherto known to the public as Miss Berry, only) requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

**MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE.**

**MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE** (First barytone of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden) is at liberty to accept engagements for Opera, Oratorio, Concerts, &c.—Address, 14, Percy Street, Bedford Square, W.

**MR. CHARLES ADAMS.**

**MR. CHARLES ADAMS.**—All letters, respecting engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are to be forwarded until April 2nd, 1866, to Mr. CHARLES ADAMS, 12, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, W.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. MAPLESON**  
has the honor to announce that the GRAND OPERA SEASON at this Theatre will commence on Saturday, April 7th. Full particulars will be duly announced.

**THE BRIGANDS.**

**MR. G. T. CARTER and Mr. THEODORE DISTIN**  
will sing Alari's Popular Duet (for Tenor and Bass), "The Brigands," at the MASONIC HALL, Ipswich, on Tuesday Evening next, March 6th.

**MISS ROSE HERSEE** will sing This Morning, at Miss FLYNN's Matinee: This Evening, Herr FASS's Concert; March 4th, Italian Church (Stabat Mater); 9th, Madame Oswald's Soiree; 14th, Masonic Festival; 18th, Mr. Ransford's Concert, St. James's Hall; April 2nd, Reading; 3rd, Greenwich (Aids and Galates); 10th, Greenwich (May Queen); 20th, Mr. Cheshire's Concert, St. James's Hall; May 2nd, June 6th, July 4th, Collards's Rooms.  
2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

**MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE** will Sing WALLACE's last Song, "The home of early love," at Miss BERRY GREENING's Concert, at St. James's Hall, on Saturday Evening Next, March 10th.

**WILLIE PAPE**—Honored by the command of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—will continue his TOUR through the Provinces.—Address—No. 9, Soho-square, W.

**MR. FRANK ELMORE** will sing his new song, "Airy Fairy Lillian," at Ashford, March 6th.—12a, Adelaide Road, N.W.

**MADLE. ENEQUIST** begs to announce that she has returned to London from her tour in Sweden. All communications to be addressed to 37, Golden Square.

**MADLE. LINAS MARTORELLE** begs to announce that as her engagement at (La Scala) Milan does not terminate until the 26th of March, she will not be in London before the 30th.—Address Messrs. DAVISON and Co., Regent Street.

**SIGNOR AMBONETTI** will Sing, every evening during his engagement in Scotland, GOLDMAN's admired New Song, "The Reproach" ("Why with those smiles will you seek to deceive me.") (Sivous n'aves rien a me dire.) N.B.—This charming song will shortly be published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

**MISS ROSE HERSEE** will sing BENEDICT's "CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at Herr FASS's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, THIS DAY, March 3rd.

**MADAME RUDERSDORFF** will Sing at the Concerts of FELIX MENNERS, in Amsterdam, La Haye, and Utrecht, from the 7th to 12th March; in Liverpool on the 20th; Birmingham, 21st; Bath, 22nd; and Southampton, 23rd March. All communications, for engagements, to be addressed, as usual, to 16, Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, where they will receive immediate replies.

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W. BARTHOLOMEW, 31, Brunswick Place, City Road, London.

**THE FORTNIGHTLY MUSICAL REVIEW**, conducted by Mr. HOWARD GLOVER. No. 1, in April, will contain "The Music of Modern Germany," "Robert Schumann as composer and critic," "Richard Wagner, his music and his doctrines," "Reviews of Liszt's 'Symphonische Dichtungen,' &c., 'An English School of Music,' 'Artistic Sketches,' 'Our Musical Institutions,' Criticisms, and public performances, &c., &c.

**MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS and CO.** beg most respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and the Heads of Schools that they are prepared to send out parcels of Music for selection, returns to be made at Midsummer and Christmas. Terms (gratis and post free) on application. References solicited.—6, New Burlington-street.

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**VIOLINS AND VIOLIN MAKERS.**—On the 1st of March was published, A **DICTIONARY of the GREAT ITALIAN ARTISTES**, their Followers and Imitators to the present time; with Essays on their characteristics, qualities, tone, value, classification, &c. By J. PEARCE, Jun. Price 3s. 6d. London: **LONGMAN and Co.** Sheffield: all Music and Booksellers.

Dedicated, by permission, to Professor **STERNDALE BENNETT**, and performed by **CHARLES HALLÉ**.

**AIR, WITH VARIATIONS**, for the Pianoforte, by G. O. COTLER.—London: **COCK, ADDISON, & Co.**, 63, New Bond Street.

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London: **Ashdown & Parry**, 18, Hanover Square.

## FELIX-MENDELSSOHN-BARTOLDY.\*

(Continued from page 116.)

The new year, 1838, brought with it a new creation of Mendelssohn's muse. The setting of the 42nd Psalm (1), a perfectly unique and most highly finished work, which he showed his Düsseldorf friends, was presented to us, for the first time, at the tenth Subscription Concert, on the 1st January. Never, perhaps, was the pious yearning to behold God expressed more deeply and fervently. After the chorus has manifested generally its longing for God in the magnificent piece of declamation: "Wie der Hirsch schreit nach frischem Wasser, so schreit meine Seele, Gott, zu Dir," the sorrowful yearning for the Almighty is expressed with still greater emphasis and despondency in a soprano solo. A chorus of women is now heard, uttering, as it were, words of explanation and justification: "Denn ich möchte gern hingehen mit dem Haufen und mit ihnen wallen zum Hause Gottes," the music, by its step-like fall, reminding us of the joyous pilgrimage to the temple of the Most High. Then we hear a chorus of men, on the other hand, in terms of admonition and self-consolation: "Was betrübst Du Dich, meine Seele—Harre auf Gott," etc. But the complaining female voices, already mentioned, seeing that, by the reminiscence of the beautiful service in honor of the Lord, their lament is justified and their yearning rendered still more acute, come forward yet more decidedly with their prayerful sorrow: "Mein Gott, betrübt ist meine Seele in mir—alle deine Wasserwogen und Wellen gehen über mich." There now resounds, accompanied by the violoncellos, in the tranquillising key of D major, a magnificent male quartet, full of consolation and devout confidence: "Der Herr hat des Tages verheissen seine Güte, und des Nachts singe ich zu ihm und bete zu dem Gotte meines Lebens." But there still mingles in the strain the despairing lament of the soul with its tone of deep despondency, until, at length, the whole chorus of the men and women take up once again the words of the first male chorus, with the full force of belief, and conclude with the praise of the Lord, the God of Israel. It will be seen that we have here a complete short psychologically-religious drama, expressed in tone, but anyone who has not actually heard it can hardly form a notion of the musical treatment from our sketch. The latter, indeed, is intended only for those who would revive in their memory the pleasure this magnificent music afforded them. They will all allow that it would not be easy to conceive a more flowing and more pleasing rhythm; musical expressions better adapted to the words; and melodies nobler than those we find running through this composition. The execution, especially of the choruses, and of the soprano part, the latter undertaken by Miss Novello, was excellent.

After several interesting new Symphonies (among which was one by Robert Burgmüller), as well as another, but less generally taking, Psalm, the 115th, (2), written at an early period by Mendelssohn, had been performed at these concerts,† Mendelssohn hit upon a method for increasing the pleasure derived from them. He proposed to the Committee a plan for giving the public, by means of historical concerts, an idea of the gradual course of development followed by music. On the 15th February, the series was opened with works by Handel, Sebastian Bach, Gluck and Viotti. A Suite of Bach's was followed by Handel's Hymn: "Gross ist der Herr," and then came a Sonata in E major, No. 3, for Pianoforte and Violin, executed by Mendelssohn and David. The second Part consisted of the Overture, Introduction, and first scene from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, followed by a Concerto written by Viotti and admirably played by David. At the second Concert of this series,

and the sixteenth of the Subscription, we had works by Joseph Haydn, Cimarosa, Naumann, and Righini. The programme is so interesting that I cannot refrain from giving it in its entirety, as follows: Overture to *Tigranes*, and Aria from *Armida*, Righini; Overture to *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Cimarosa; Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, in C major, J. Haydn (executed by Mendelssohn, David, and Grenser); and Introduction, Recitative, and final scene from the first part of Haydn's *Creation*. The Second Part comprised: Quintet and Chorus from *I Pellegrini*, Naumann; and Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" (written when Prince Esterhazy had made up his mind to dismiss his private band; but the Prince was so touched by the Symphony that the band had to remain. Remark for non-professionals.) The third of these concerts comprised works by Mozart, Salieri, Méhul, and Andreas Romberg, among them being a Quartet previously quite unknown, from *Zaide*, by Mozart, and a concerted piece from *Uthal*, by Méhul, an opera which, at Napoleon's command, the composer had written, without a single Violin, on a subject from Ossian. The great attraction of this concert was Mozart's C minor Concerto for Pianoforte, played by Mendelssohn. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, also, was splendidly given. The programme of the fourth of these concerts was devoted to the Abbé Vogler, Beethoven, and C. M. von Weber. The Abbé Vogler's overture to *Samori*, Weber's Overture to *Der Freischütz* and the hunting chorus from his *Euryanthe*; Beethoven's Grand Violin-Concerto and Pastoral Symphony, the former executed in a masterly style by Herr Ulrich, were the most important pieces this evening on which, by the way, the Historical Concerts were brought to a worthy termination. It need scarcely be remarked that not only was an interest created among the public by these concerts, for the historical progress of music, but that so thoroughly good a selection of the most admirable pieces could not fail to elevate the musical taste of the audiences.

Thus, principally owing to Mendelssohn's exertions in so many various ways, another winter passed in the midst of the richest musical enjoyment. But, even during the summer, he allowed himself no repose. He again went to the Rhine, for the purpose of directing the Cologne Musical Festival. Handel's *Joshua* figured as the prominent feature, and Mendelssohn composed for it a new organ part, as he had formerly done for *Solomon*. This festival was, however, one of the least brilliant ones. The separation from his wife appeared to affect him seriously. He was in a somewhat sorrowful mood; notwithstanding this, however, he played his piece: *Serenade, and Allegro gioioso* (Op. 43), on the third day of the Festival. His faithful friend and comrade in art David, had, on this occasion also, accompanied him to the Rhine. Scarcely had Mendelssohn returned to Leipzig, when he learned the existence of a very strong wish, expressed even at the first performance, for *St. Paul* to be repeated. He complied with this wish, and conducted the rehearsals with his accustomed care. When, however, the day of performance, the 15th September, 1838, arrived, he did not make his appearance, having been suddenly attacked with the measles. David had to undertake the duties of conductor in his place, and executed his difficult task so strictly in accordance with the spirit of his model that the impression produced upon many of the audience appeared even more profound than at the first performance. We must mention that, after the chorale, No. 9: "Dir, Herr, Dir will ich mich ergeben," a new air: "Der Du die Menschen lässt sterben, und sprichst: Kommt wieder, Menschenkinder," was interpolated. The most important soprano solos on this occasion were undertaken by a fair and amiable artist, who, after giving up a brilliant public career and retiring into private life, dedicated her magnificent natural gifts almost exclusively to the sacred art, more especially as represented by the muse of Mendelssohn, and who, up to the most recent period, understood more thoroughly than any other singer the spirit of his creations and rendered them with greater felicity. After this performance of *St. Paul*, there was only one more in Leipzig, that one being the last the composer conducted: on Good Friday, 1847. We may remark that no other work of art ever found such general acceptance in so short a time. The years 1837 and 1838 might really and truly be entitled in the history of music: "*St. Paul's* years." A musical amateur has endeavoured to determine the number of its performances, and finds that, in a period of a year and a half, and at 41 towns, they

\* "A Memorial for His Friends." By W. A. LAMPADIUS. Translated expressly for *The Musical World* by J. V. BRIDGEMAN. (Reproduction interdicted)

† At the Concert for the Poor on the 21st February, 1838, Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, an admirably spirited work, worthy of a divine choir, was given for the first time.

(1). Composed in 1837, at Freyburg (in Breisgau) and Leipzig.

(2). Composed in 1830, at Rome. The 95th psalm ("kommt, lasst uns anbeten"), alluded to by Herr Lampadius in a foot-note, was finished, in 1838, at Leipzig, where it was first publicly performed.



amounted to no fewer than fifty. In Germany, in the Tyrol, and in Switzerland, in Denmark, in Holland, in Poland, and in Russia, in England, and in America, *St. Paul* was everywhere given, and, in some towns, two or three times.

The time for the creator of so universally popular a work to be snatched from us had not yet arrived. Providence watched over him. He speedily recovered from his illness. It is true that he had to confide the direction of the first Subscription Concert of the new season to his friend David, but, at the second, we again beheld him at their head. As a matter of course, the public were doubly delighted to welcome their favorite on his recovery. He opened this concert with his *Fingalshöhle* overture. At the third concert, after the overture to *Der Freischütz*, received with tumultuous applause, and repeated by desire, another English singer, whose appearance, like that of her fair predecessor, we owed, no doubt, to Mendelssohn's circle of acquaintances in England, was introduced to us. This was Mrs. Alfred Shaw, a lady of noble and stately appearance and endowed with an admirably pure and pleasing contralto. Her dignified simplicity, and profound comprehension especially of sacred songs, rendered her most welcome to all friends of genuine music. She first sang a Recitative and Aria by Rossini: "Amici, in ogni evento m'affido a voi!" and Mozart's "Addio." Her stay, which lasted till the 28th January, was a source of the most elevated enjoyment for us. With especial excellence did she sing the song: "Er war verachtet und verschmäht von Allen," from Handel's *Messiah*, while her judgment, in selecting pieces was always most admirable. The same holds good, also, of these concerts themselves, the programmes of which, thanks chiefly to Mendelssohn's taste in selection, were most splendidly constituted. If we go through them, we are astonished at the number of classical pieces and the taste evinced in the mode of their combination. Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, and Rossini, figure in turn on the list, and yet the works of more recent, and even of the most recent, masters are by no means excluded. Thus, for instance, there were new Symphonies by Kalliwoda, Lachner, Mohring and Dobrycinsky, as well as the newly-discovered Symphony by Franz Schubert, in C major, eclipsing, by the way, all the rest. As a specimen of a concert, which, though strictly classical, was not deficient in the charm of great variety, we will here cite the programme of the sixth Subscription Concert: Overture to *Iphigenia*, Gluck; Chorus: "Des Staubes eitle Sorgen," J. Haydn; "O salutaris Hostia," Cherubini (sung by Mrs. Shaw); Variations for Violin, Lipinski (executed by Herr Ulrich); Cavatina from *Romeo und Julia*, Zingarelli (sung by Mrs. Shaw); and Symphony in A major, Beethoven. Though a selection like this depended, in the first place, really on the Committee, it was, at any rate, Mendelssohn who proposed or approved it. Another fact worthy of being mentioned as an especial recommendation of these concerts is that fine concerted vocal pieces taken from operas which have now unfortunately vanished from the stage, were frequently performed. Such was the case, for instance, with the magnificent Sestet from *Così fan Tutte*; the trio, with chorus, from *Medea*; and the Polonaise, Trio, and Chorus, from Cherubini's *Lodoiska*. Sometimes, too, it was from well-known operas that these pieces were chosen. This applies to such compositions as the first finale to *Euryanthe*; the Trio and Quartet from *Oberon*; the air and first finale from the same; and the second Finale from *Leonore*. Mendelssohn's compositions given this winter were: the *Fingalshöhle* overture, the *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* overture, and that to *St. Paul*, together with the recitative and air: "Und zog mit einer Schaar gen Damascus," sung by Mrs. Shaw, from that oratorio (the above was given at the New Year's Concerts, with Beethoven's C minor Symphony), an overture to *Ruy Blas*, (3), composed for the performance in aid of the Theatrical Pension Fund, and the 42nd Psalm. The last two were performed at the 20th Subscription Concert, when, also, Schubert's Symphony in C major, and "Spring" from Haydn's *Seasons*, were produced for the first time. At the 18th Subscription Concert, Mendelssohn himself played his D minor Concerto. (To be continued.)

(3). Composed at Leipsic in 1839. The overture was begun on a Tuesday night, and in the hands of the copyist early on Friday morning. See—in Mendelssohn's Letters, Vol. 2—a letter dated "Leipsig, March 18, 1839," addressed to his mother.

## M. GOUNOD'S NEW MUSIC.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

A night with Gounod is a somewhat heavier ordeal to pass through than a "nicht wi' Burns." The national airs to which so many of the lyrics of Burns are wedded, and which the late Mr. John Wilson used to sing with a gusto worthy of Tam o' Shanter, or Souter Johnny, on market night,—

Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,  
Wi' dreaming swats, that drank divinely,—

are all melody—melody that once heard is caught unconsciously and as unconsciously retained. The music of M. Gounod, on the contrary—intervals in *Faust* and *Mireille*, and less frequently in *Le Médecin malgré lui*, allowed for—exhibits a chronic dearth of melodious inspiration. There is tune in it no doubt, but any composer, with feeling for rhythm, can manufacture tune; the thing is for tune to come to a composer without being sought. Manufactured tune, however gracefully rounded off, however richly decked with harmony and accompaniment, is after all much in the same case as a faded flirt, who enamels her skin à la Rachel and otherwise bedizens her person. Rub away the enamel, dispense with the ornaments of costume, and the device is patent. M. Gounod is perpetually manufacturing tune. Even in *Faust*, which owes its abiding charm to strong dramatic colouring and the tender grace with which the heroine is musically conceived, even in *Mireille*, which pleases through the skilful manner in which the pastoral hue is seized and presented—we find numerous examples of manufactured tune. At times, indeed, we stumble upon quasi-plagiarism—instance the mocking serenade of Mephistopheles (Act. IV), plainly derived from the slow movement of the famous duet for basses in the *Puritani*, although the fact is hidden with an art that at first deceives. But, except the opening of the garden duet between Faust and Margaret, which is lovely from beginning to end (the last movement is a pale reflex of Meyerbeer), where, in *Faust*, can we point to a single melody that is spontaneous throughout? Even the otherwise beautiful phrase with which Faust accosts Margaret, on their first meeting at the Kermesse (Act II.), is spoiled at the "half cadence" by the sudden transition into an extraneous key (from G to B). Melody never came to composer in such a guise. The themes that haunted Mozart, and would leave him no rest till he had yielded to their importunity, submitted them to his art, put them into shape, and thus got rid of them, did not commence their appeal in a particular tone or key, and glide off into another before half completing their rhythmical course. The frankest melody in *Faust*, the delicious waltz excepted, is the chorus of soldiers (Act IV.); but that is as vulgar as it is frank, and its popularity springs from no more respectable a source than the popularity attached to the galop in *Orphée aux Enfers*.

In fact, borrow from M. Gounod his orchestra, and he would do very little worth hearing till you gave it him back. Nor must it be concluded from this that, because his operas do not, or rather are not supposed to, abound in short rhythmical melody, "eight bar measure," he stands apart from the crowd, like Cherubini, who, without one hundredth part of the melodious invention of Mozart or Beethoven, is still accepted, and justly accepted, as a classic. Cherubini's melody, though neither spontaneous nor abundant, is invariably chaste, while, as a master of expression, much more so a learned musician, to compare the composer of *Medea* with the composer of *Faust* would be absurd. M. Gounod is an excellent musician, but far from being a great one. In a certain limited range he is a master of expression; but grand situations, in which the conflicting passions of heroic personages are at play, it is not in his nature to delineate. For example, can any one fancy M. Gounod giving musical life to *Norma*? He has, however, furnished arguments against himself in *Sapho*, *La Nonne Sanglante*, and *La Reine de Saba*, all three of which, with deference to an eminent Q.C., made "fiasco" in Paris just as the first of the three made "fiasco" in London, where the other two were never tried. It is amusing to hear London critics accused of barring out M. Gounod and his works, for years, when such artist's baggage alone would have caused his ship to founder. Never was so dreary a concoction palmed off upon an audience as *La Reine de Saba*, in which King Solomon administers soporifics to the Queen of Sheba through five interminable acts; never was romantic legend more completely *manqué* than the *Bleeding Nun*, never Sapphic less purely Greek than *Sapho*. These, with *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *Philemon e Baucis*, and the choruses for M. Ponsard's tragedy, *Ulysse*, none of which were possible at either of our London Italian operas, some minor pieces, and some church music of questionable merit, specimens of which have been heard, were the productions of M. Gounod between 1851, the year of *Sapho*, and 1859, when *Faust* was brought out at the Théâtre Lyrique. *Faust* at once took the Parisians, and hit them home; but it was not till four years later that the opera was represented at Her Majesty's Theatre, where its merits were warmly recognized by the public, and as warmly admitted by the press. Certain

claim exemption from criticism? More gifted composers than he have parts criticised. But why not? On what grounds does M. Gounod been criticised, and compelled to force their way step by step. This happened to Auber, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, not to travel as far back as Beethoven. Signor Verdi, certainly endowed with greater natural aptitude, a larger resource of melody, and more dramatic vigour, finer ingenuity, or at least a happier knack, in the construction of concerted pieces—witness the quartet in *Rigoletto*, the quintet in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the finale to the third act of *Ernani*, &c.—has found detractors even more numerous than M. Gounod, who, while not infallible, is just now incurring the risk of being spoiled. How otherwise account for *Tobias* and other pieces given at the concert in St. James's Hall for University College Hospital, when the entire programme was devoted to his music? If some of these pieces are early compositions, they have come too late; if they are recent compositions, they have come too soon, seeing that the musical world is not yet in its dotage.

But to particulars. The first thing in the concert was a symphony in D. Those who can recall the early days of the Society of British Musicians (1834-5-6, &c.) can recall many such symphonies from the Calkins, Griesbachs, Lucasas, &c., of the time. With the Mudies and Macfarrens, much less with the Bennetts, it must not be compared. The reproduction of this symphony, now that M. Gounod has become famous, is equivalent to the reproduction of his boyhood's Latin verses, supposing he wrote any. What scholar has not written Latin verses in his school days? What composer has not composed symphonies in his boyhood? The only excuse for bringing forward anew such juvenile essays is when precocious genius is on the face of them, as in the exceptional instances of Mendelssohn and our own Sterndale Bennett. But in M. Gounod's symphony there is not a spark of genius. It is a commonplace *rechauffé* of the most hackneyed thoughts of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—before Beethoven really was Beethoven. There is not the shadow of an original idea in it from one end to the other—no interest, no individuality. It is everybody's and anybody's music, only not good. The "Ave verum," which followed the symphony, is apparently one of the productions of M. Gounod's ripe maturity. This choral piece, though, judged by its melody, not original, as anyone who knows a certain pianoforte sonata dedicated to Madame Buonaparte can testify, is beautifully written and charming throughout. A Christmas carol ("Bethlehem") which came next, is little better than childish. Given as many drone basses (drone's basses) as may be required, and put some old tunes on the top of them, regardless of the laws of harmony, and you have "Bethlehem." The first verse, where there is a "pastoral symphony" with the pedal bass C G, is not good; the second verse, where there is a "pastoral symphony" with the pedal bass G D, is also not good; the third verse, where there is a "pastoral symphony" with the pedal bass C F, is irretrievably bad. Here we have "realism" in its ugliest aspect. Such retrieval of old forms is only tolerable when idealism controls the workmanship. M. Gounod has given numberless examples of these expedients in his pastoral operas. Even his *Faust* (Act I.) is not exempt from them. The trick is now too transparent. What Beethoven, in the course of a long career, did once or twice with magical effect, M. Gounod has done no end of times, and each time with less and less effect. The tenor solo (with chorus), "O salutaris Hostia," was a relief after this forced resuscitation of the *Pifferari*; but, though graceful and expressive, it has scarcely a trace of original thought. You seem to have heard the melody scores of times without being able precisely to say when or where; there is a sort of *fade* grace about it that plainly declares it manufactured. The setting of the 137th Psalm ("By Babylon's Wave") is a jumble of heterogeneous fragments, the style of which generally may be described as rapid.

So much for Part I. of this remarkable concert. Part II. was wholly engrossed by *Tobias*, which, on the outside cover of the French edition, is styled "oratorio," and on the inside cover—as if on second thoughts—more modestly denominated "petit oratorio." "Petit" is a word that well applies to the composition, but "oratorio," as now universally accepted, not at all. The apocryphal history of *Tobit*, it might be thought, would never have suggested itself as a subject for musical treatment to an ordinary composer. But M. Gounod is an extraordinary composer. Meyerbeer was also an extraordinary composer—of another calibre; but he shirked oratorio persistently. "What," he would say, when pressed on the subject, "can I do after *Elijah*? I cannot go back to Handel if I would, and so I have no alternative but to beat Mendelssohn. *Laissez-moi tranquille*." M. Gounod apparently believed that he could at least equal Mendelssohn, and so travesties him. In the first chorus of *Tobias* there is not only a phrase which can never be heard without recognition, from the first *allegro* of Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, but a parody of certain of Mendelssohn's characteristic tendencies from first to last. More than once does such parody occur in *Tobias* which, nevertheless, seldom rises above commonplace. As a serious effort in the highest branch of musical composition,

this so-called oratorio is really not worth examining. Of the nine pieces that make up the sum total, there is hardly one to which objection might not reasonably be found, hardly one in which points may not be detected more or less subversive of the purity and dignity of musical art. Take as an example the progression in the first chorus, where, after a chord of A flat major, in which the first and second sopranos sustain C in unison, the tenors the same note, and the basses A flat, the next chord is B natural for the sopranos, D and C for the tenors (now divided), and G for the bass, followed by a chord of G flat in the bass, B flat, E natural, and C in the other parts! The effect is Wagnerish and abominable. Nevertheless, it is repeated further on, in another key, where the peculiar disposition of the orchestral harmony makes it sound even more hideous. Further Wagnerisms—by which is meant that contempt of the relations of keys to each other exemplified in Wagner's famous diatribe "Away with the tyranny of the tone families!" which, combined with his repudiation of measured melody, signifies away with music—are scattered over *Tobias*, but it would be loss of time and pains to single them out. To employ a well-worn definition, "what is new in *Tobias* is not good, and what is good is not new." In no work do certain peculiarities of M. Gounod, which have long begun to pall, abound in such excess; in no work is his melodic barrenness more apparent, and in no work does he so painfully strive to make up for want of original ideas by laborious contrivances. The melody is manufactured from beginning to end; but unfortunately the devices by which he is accustomed to dress up old phrases and make them pass current for new are becoming stale and unprofitable. This must be said even at the risk of drawing down from a future Q.C., some ten years hence, the reproach that hostile criticism has kept away from England an oratorio by M. Gounod, which would have put *Elijah* out of sight, just as *Faust* has put *Der Freischütz*. So far as could be judged from observation, the effect of *Tobias*, and indeed of the whole concert, on the brilliant audience in St. James's Hall was more or less depressing. M. Gounod, though a Frenchman—and whose music, by the way, is as full of conventional French turns, without the grace and finesse of Auber to set them off, as that of the late Adolphe Adam, or even the living M. Offenbach, who perpetuates all that was trivial in Adolphe Adam—gave us, it is true,—

Nae cotillion brent new frae France;

for, with the exception of our National Anthem, there was scarcely a tune of any sort to be heard from one end of the concert to the other. What a relief would have been one of the melodies of Auber, that most gifted and melodious of French musicians! The market-prayer from *Masaniello* would have affected us much in the same way as a heathery breeze on the Scotch hills after many hours spent in a close and heated ball-room.

I should like to devote a few sentences to the performance, which was admirably conducted by Mr. Benedict, and in which the solo singers, including M<sup>me</sup>. Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Patey, &c., did all that could possibly be done for music out of which but little of what is called "effect" was obtainable; but this article has run already to too great a length, and should a second performance of *Tobias*, already in contemplation, come off, perhaps I may be moved to address you a second time on the subject. I believe there is no existing law which makes it a punishable offence to criticise M. Gounod's music, any more than there is a law which forbids us, under penalty, to admire it. And yet one would almost imagine that some such legal enactment existed, judging from what is said and written at the present time. Z.

MISS MILLY PALMER.—We understand that Mr. Wigan has engaged Miss Palmer for the next season at the Olympic Theatre, when she will have completed her *Arrah-na-Pogue* engagements with M. Buicault. In spite of the great success Miss Palmer achieved at the Strand, London playgoers have as yet no idea of her varied powers as a comedienne and sentimental actress, and we hope that she will find full scope for them at the Olympic. In the provinces, Miss Palmer's *Juliet*, *Faustine Deschapeles*, *Clara Douglas* (*Money*), and other leading rôles have created the utmost enthusiasm, and she will assuredly be a most welcome addition to the London stage.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—Upwards of 1000 persons were present in the Shire Hall, Hereford, at the public meeting of the Society, at which the allotment of the Moorfields estate, close to Barton station, White Cross Road, took place. Mr. Pulling, Esq., chairman of the Hereford Conservative Association, presided, supported by the leading inhabitants of the city. The deputation of the Board comprised Viscount Ranelagh, Colonel Brownlow Knox, M.P., Colonel Meyrick, Mr. Winstanly and the secretary, who addressed the meeting, explaining the Society's system, and to whom a vote of thanks was unanimously passed, proposed by Captain Paleshall, and seconded by the Rev. W. Pulling. The allotment of the estate has proved it to be one of the most successful provincial purchases ever made by the Society.

## TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—The public has recently been informed through the usual channels that "a number of ladies occupying a high social position" have been "reflecting on the hardships of the ballet," and have formed a society for its benefit. How they happen to be so inquisitive on this particular subject we shall not pause to enquire. There are people in the world who are always ready to question the motive and impugn the propriety of the best actions. We are satisfied with believing that the association now formed is likely to do substantial good. The means of gaining a livelihood which are open to young women in this country are not so numerous that we can afford to treat with contempt a proposal which is calculated to place any one of them on a more secure and respectable footing.

There cannot be a doubt that ballet dancing is very generally regarded as a somewhat disreputable calling. It is equally undeniable that it may be made a perfectly honest one. If, however, this result is to be accomplished, these ladies have no time to spare. The ballet itself will tell you, like the Bar or the Church, that "the profession is not what it was." Only a very few years ago the majority of its members were girls who, if not exactly better than they should be, were at all events decorous in their conduct, and kept their peccadilloes to themselves; and no inconsiderable number were in reality virtuous and respectable. If the ballet is changed in this respect, the change is due to two causes, with the working of which we are familiar in many higher walks of life—the multiplication of artists, and the vulgarization of art. Ballet, in its legitimate sense, has been almost superseded by spectacle; and every season more and more girls are in demand, not merely for theatres, but for music halls, gardens, and other places of public entertainment, who are not required to dance at all, but only to stand in elegant positions and to look attractive. Only a little while ago an advertisement was to be seen in the newspapers in request of "two hundred young ladies" for a fête at the Agricultural Hall. The result of this, of course, is a rush from all quarters—not an ugly rush, certainly—but one that cannot fail to have a bad effect upon the ballet. To fill such parts as these, girls need only be tolerably good-looking. No trouble, no training, no real hard work is required of them. They have only to wear a pretty dress, be stared at for a given period, and receive half-a-crown at the end of it. Now the only excuse that ever existed for the appearance of girls upon the stage in the costume of ancient Sparta was that in some such dress only was it possible for them to dance. To some extent, doubtless, the grace and elegance of a real ballet may be allowed to palliate its intrinsic grossness. But to give us all the grossness without any of the grace is too bad. To convert what was only an accident of the ballet into its essential attraction is monstrous. To collect a troop of girls upon the stage for the sole purpose of exhibiting them to the gaze of the curious is at least not art, and yet at many of our theatres such seems to be the sole desire of the stage manager. Girls as averse to honest labour and as irreclaimably vicious as it is possible for girls to be are of course just as eligible for this kind of work as any other, and perhaps more so, for it must be remembered that the regular ballet dancer has by no means an easy time of it. She goes through an amount of work to which no "Anonyma" would submit; and this alone is some guarantee for the respectability of the class in question. To become a dancer at all, a girl must begin while she is a child, pay something considerable to a dancing mistress, and undergo a very toilsome apprenticeship. After she is "called," so to speak, her labours are increased. Constant practice, early rehearsals, and late performances, make her life a sorry one, though doubtless its excitement and its gaiety are strong compensating features. But these do not last for ever, and she is left perhaps at the age of thirty with all the work still to be performed after all its glory has departed. The real hard work of the ballet girl, then, is a point not to be forgotten, which, while it enhances her claims to consideration, is to some extent also warranty of her good character.

We see in the establishment of this society a recognition of both the claim and the guarantee; and we trust that the effect of it may be to check the infusion of more demoralizing elements into the profession, and to make it one of which honest girls need not be ashamed. It certainly may be made so, whatever the world may think. All that seems immodest to the spectator is performed mechanically by the dancer. There is no more volition or spontaneity in her gestures and attitudes than in a doll or a rocking-horse. She calls them "business." And at the moment when her languishing glances are enslaving the stalls, ten to one she is thinking of her supper, and speculating curiously on what "mother" will have got for her. Actresses of the highest standing are kissed while they are upon the stage who would feel as much insulted were such liberties attempted in a drawing-room as any duchess in the land. But on the boards it is business. And so with the coryphée. To stand on one leg, to bound above the heads of the spectators, to wear a dress that doesn't reach the knee, and to affect the whole art of love, are what she has been used to from her childhood; in

her eyes they are the work of life, and are not necessarily associated with ideas of impropriety. That a woman's native delicacy is blunted by such a life can scarcely be doubted. But that is not the only way in which her delicacy may be blunted without downright injury to her character.

To help this class of girls, many of whom begin their career at all events with the best intentions, against the temptations which beset it, is kind and generous. The starving sempstress has, after all, but poverty to contend with; the ballet girl has a great deal more. Some stage managers insist on their being well dressed, and will hold up as a model to them Miss A., or Miss B., who appears at rehearsal in a two-guinea bonnet, adding flatly at the same time that they do not "care a curse" how she comes by it. Then there is a girl's natural vanity; her natural love of pleasure; the invitation to Greenwich or Richmond; and, more than all, the peculiar *tone* of theatrical life, and those well-known theatrical traditions which make actresses a privileged class. These are the temptations which do really make the life of a ballet girl who determines to preserve her honour one incessant struggle. We are heartily glad to see a helping hand extended to her. For, although what is proposed will not directly mitigate the temptations we have mentioned, it will serve to elevate the whole profession, to heighten the self-respect of its members, and cause mere girls of good character to adopt it, and fewer whose example is so mischievous, and, we regret to add, so general. It should be remembered that the more artful the style of dancing the more toilsome the acquisition of it; and the more toilsome the acquisition of it, the less likely are worthless characters to make it their profession.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

14, Salisbury Street, Feb. 21.

[It is agreeable to be able to inform "Pall Mall Gazette" that the scheme progresses most favorably. Nearly £100 have already been subscribed; and, best of all, as a charming correspondent writes—"The ballet-girls themselves are coming forward rapidly." D. PETERS.]

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The excellence of these entertainments is from day to day obtaining wider recognition. Rarely does a concert take place in which the programme does not offer points of special interest. Herr Manns goes on persistently in his crusade against the detractors of his favourite Robert Schumann, and with really fine performances of Schumann's works, one after another, seems steadily, however slowly, to make way. The last of the Schumann pieces was the symphony No. 1 (in B flat), which, though, as a whole, by no means equal to the No. 2 (C major), or to the No. 3 (D minor), is individual throughout and has many passages of genuine beauty, with others of telling sonority. By the side of these are passages closely verging upon eccentricity, others that are crude and harsh; while in many places we find evidence of that want of fluency or continuousness which is one of Schumann's gravest defects, and which, except in his happiest moments, he vainly labours to conceal. This symphony is more familiar than its companions to the audience of the Crystal Palace, who are moved by the highly expressive character of the slow movement and the sustained animation of the somewhat exuberant but always more or less interesting *finale*. Herr Manns deserves respect for his zeal on behalf of a composer in whom the intellectual qualities are so remarkable, who while living enjoyed small opportunities of being appreciated, and who, now that he is dead, can no longer speak for himself in music or in words. The earnest diligence with which the performances of Schumann's symphonies and overtures are prepared at the Crystal Palace affords them every chance of being understood; and if Herr Manns does not eventually succeed in making them popular with the crowd, he will assuredly, by continuing in the course he has hitherto pursued, and in rendering them not only welcome but indispensable to the more enlightened few who are after all the real, though unacknowledged, controllers of taste. At a later concert the *scherzo* from the symphony in E flat was played for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Signor Arditi had already introduced the fourth symphony at his concerts in Her Majesty's Theatre, and it pleased so much that it was called for again. This did not happen at the Crystal Palace, which warrants a belief that it would have been more effective in its proper place as portion of the entire work, from which it was unwise to separate it. The same criticism may apply to the *scherzo* of Schubert's great symphony in C (No. 7), also, on another occasion, isolated from its companion-movements, and thus deprived of its fairest chance of being understood. Such experiments should be confined to the off-days. You may separate one of the movements of a well-known symphony from the others because the others are remembered; but, in the case of an unknown work, it is always dangerous. Any large orchestral composition, brought forward as Herr Manns is accustomed to do—that is, with an



execution almost at all points irreproachable—is sure to be listened to with attention. This was proved when the two symphonies of M. Gounod, the “characteristic” symphony of Herr Abert, the symphony in G minor of the great French composer, Méhul, &c., were respectively introduced—although, the symphony of Méhul excepted, none of them are of extraordinary merit. Spohr stands so high as composer for the orchestra, that his third symphony (in C minor) was pretty certain of the cordial reception with which it met. The first *allegro* and the slow movement of this symphony are among Spohr's very best; and there is a passage in the latter of which Meyerbeer may possibly have been thinking when he conceived that magically impressive unisonous prelude which opens the last scene of his *Africaine*. Among the most finished performances at the Crystal Palace since we last spoke of the Saturday concerts have been those of Mendelssohn's ethereally delicate *Melusine*—“the beautiful fish,” as he used to call the heroine of Tieck's tale and Conradin Kreutzer's very dull opera. The quaint, tuneful, and thoroughly charming overture to Auber's here unfamiliar opera, *Zanetta*, was played so well at the same concert as to keep the large majority of the audience in their seats to the end—which was not the case at another concert when a dry and colourless overture by Herr Reinicke (conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts), to Calderon's *Dame Kobold*, was the last piece in the programme.

It was not a very happy notion to devote three-fourths of a programme exclusively to pieces of music bearing all more or less relation to the Rhine legend of *Lorelei*. Nevertheless, it was the means of making the audience acquainted with an admirably written *cantata* by that solid and thoughtful musician, Herr Ferdinand Hiller, besides bringing forth some vocal music and the brilliant overture to the late Mr. Vincent Wallace's most popular opera (*Lurline*), and delighting every hearer with the magnificent fragment that was to have constituted the *finale* to one of the acts in Mendelssohn's unfinished *Lorelei*, in which Madame Rudersdorf declaimed the trying solos of Leonora, the “river bride,” with singular and unflagging energy. Another acceptable feature of this concert was Spohr's noble overture to his opera, *Der Berggeist*, in which the orchestra, “*klängt so schön*” that the audience could not help applauding warmly at the conclusion. In the way of instrumental solists we have had the Chevalier Lemmens, who plays so well on the harmonium and, moreover, writes such music for it, that under his hands it rises materially in importance in the scale of instruments, and is no longer a pretty toy, to ape the swell organ or mimic the spinet. Then M. Sainton, first of the living violinists of France, has exhibited his vigorous style and masterly execution in one of the most difficult of his own fantasias (*Rigoletto*), besides taking solo *obbligato* in the *Hymne à Ste. Cecile* (from M. Gounod's recently-composed Mass), which had previously been made known to the audience by our own excellent violinist, Mr. H. Blagrove. At this concert, by the way, the singing was more than ordinarily attractive. Madame Sainton Dolby showed her classical reading in Mozart's “*Per Pieta*,” Mdlle. Enequist her facile execution in “*Come per me sereno*” (*La Sonnambula*), the former giving also an English ballad, the latter “*The Nightingale's trill*,” by Herr Ganz, and the two joining in the famous duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—“*Quis est homo?*”

The concert on Saturday was absorbed by *Irene*, an English version of M. Gounod's opera, *La Reine de Saba*. This, as may be remembered, was no novelty, having been introduced at one of the concerts in the summer of 1865. *La Reine de Saba*, though in some respects the most ambitious, is on the whole the least interesting of the larger works of its popular composer. That it should have failed at the Grand Opera in Paris is not surprising, for even now with the curtailments that in the English version so considerably narrow its dimensions, it is at the best monotonous and prolix. The pieces that pleased most on Saturday were the same that found favour last summer—viz., the chorus and “*dialogue-chorus*” for women's voices in the third act, and the very lively dance, with chorus, at the commencement of the fifth. In the first of these, which bears a strong family likeness to the opening of *Mireille*, the voices sing in unison from beginning to end; but M. Gounod has endeavoured to impart variety by piquant and delicate touches of orchestration. It was called for again, and the “*dialogue*” repeated. The “*encore*” awarded to the second, however, was much more hearty and spontaneous. The principal characters of the *dramatis personæ* was sustained on this occasion by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (soprano), Mr. W. H. Cummings (tenor), and Mr. Lewis Thomas (bass), the subordinate parts being allotted to Miss Robertine Henderson, Mrs. Brannan, Messrs. Montem Smith and Renwick. All used their utmost exertions to give effect to music which, whatever its abstract merits, is certainly not dramatic—that is, in the sense in which the music of *Faust* is eminently dramatic, from the opening to the closing scene. But, then, what a book the clever Frenchman had in *Faust*—what characters, what stirring incidents, what skillfully contrived “*situations*!” In the *Reine de Saba* there are none of these. The English version does not mend the matter. *Irene*, the “*tributary Greek Princess*,” is only the Queen of Sheba, the *Balkis* of the French opera,

with another name and title; Muriel, “*chief of the Freemasons*,” is, *mutato nomine*, Adoniram, the gloomy master forger of “*la mer d'airain*,” sent to King Soliman by the King of Tyre; while Suliman himself, “*Sultan of Istamboul*,” is but the Jewish Soliman of MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, rival of Adoniram for the love of *Balkis*. The names are altered, but the story is virtually the same. M. Gounod was to be pitied in having such a dreary book to set to music. He worked hard; but it was labour thrown away. He could not be inspired by it, any more than M. Berlioz by the libretto of *Benvenuto Cellini*, of the late M. Halévy by the *Juif Errant*. The performance generally or *Irene* was all that could be wished. The orchestra was perfect throughout; and in no work has M. Gounod been more lavish of orchestral colouring, more fertile in expedients, more rich even to cloying, more sonorous and full. Here he was sure not to be at fault; but the ideas upon which all this musicianly ingenuity is expended, even in the instance of the gorgeously instrumented pageant-march and *finale* to Act I, are seldom very striking and as seldom very original. The choruses were for the most part well sung, and, as has been stated, to these fell the honour of the only encores. But brightest and best of all was, in our opinion, the ballet music—“*pas des Juives*” and “*pas des Sabennes*”—commencing with an exciting movement upon one of M. Gounod's favourite “*pedal basses*,” and terminating with a waltz almost, if not quite, as stirring and tuneful as the waltz in *Faust*. In the *Reine de Saba* the ballet comprises no less than 12 numbers, of which only five are included in *Irene*; while the order of the movements is different from that of the original. But this could not be avoided in the act of cutting down four hours' music into little more than two. Herr Manns conducted the performance with the watchful care and intelligence for which he is noted. The concert-room was crowded to the walls, but the the crowd was not “*demonstrative*.” At the next concert, we are promised Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, and shortly after a new symphony, of which report speaks highly, from the pen of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan.

#### A SOP FOR OUR NATIVE COMPOSERS.

SIR,—Does not the enclosed extract from the *London Review*, of Saturday last, look like the ebullition of one who himself is a disappointed “*native*”?—

The performances of the Royal English Opera Company came to a sudden suspension on Saturday, when Covent Garden Theatre was closed at two or three hours' notice. It matters little what may have been the proximate cause of this hasty step (question of finance in some shape or another) the loss to art is small, although some few country visitors may have to regret having been disappointed of seeing the grand comic Christmas pantomime which has for some weeks been the prop of our national opera establishment. The company has taken Drury Lane Theatre for a fresh season, to commence on April 2. Without a change of policy in the management, however, this shifting of locality can scarcely lead to better fortunes for the future. Felicien David's *Lalla Rookh* had been in preparation, and was announced for production on March 1. Whether this work is to inaugurate the new season, or whether we are to be indulged with some fresh specimen of “*native talent*,” such as those which have hitherto damaged the prospects of the company, is not stated. It is to be hoped, however, that the management will allow the would-be great composers of England to rest a little after the unwonted strain which has been put on their genius during recent seasons, and will produce adaptations of such foreign works as will not subject the performances at Drury Lane to necessarily disadvantageous comparisons with those of the two opera-houses which will be open during the same period. If such a policy be judiciously pursued, there is room even for this third operatic establishment among so vast a musical public as that of London.

I think you will say, “*it does*,” and am, therefore, yours in sympathy,  
March 2. JOB HEAD.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR SIR,—In your report of the Lodge of Isra-1, I beg to say the words used by Bro. C. Coote were, that all his masonic instruction he had solely received from Bro. T. Saqui, and that others had proffered their assistance; and I think—as one that has received his able and legitimate instruction, for such it really is—in justice to him the error ought to be noticed, he not only being father of the Lodge and twice Master, but has instructed nearly all the masters in the same Lodge for 27 years, and whose name is universally known, and think that the party who sent the communication did not do Bro. Saqui the justice he deserves, and if you should see Bro. Coote he will, I feel assured, tell you that what I have communicated is correct.—I am, Sir, yours most respectfully,  
Feb. 20, 1866.

A MEMBER OF 205.





honour to conduct it a score of times\* at Drury Lane Theatre and at concerts in Paris, and its effect is both grand and charming. The second version, however, has preserved the popularity which it acquired as the overture to *Leonora*, and will probably never lose it.

"This superb work, perhaps Beethoven's finest overture, shared the fate of several of the numbers of the opera, and was suppressed after the few first representations.† A third‡ (like the two former in C major), soft and sweet in its character, but closing so as hardly to invite applause, was not more fortunate. At least, when the opera was reproduced in its modified form, the composer wrote the overture in E major.§ known as the overture to *Fidelio*, which has been conclusively¶ adopted in preference to the three others. This is indeed a masterly work of incomparable force and freshness, and truly symphonic, but with no connection, either in character or subjects, with the opera to which it serves as a prelude. The others, on the contrary, may be said to be so many abridgments of the opera itself. The tender accents of *Leonora*, the lamentations of the starving prisoner, the delicious melodies of the trio in the last act, the distant flourish of trumpets which announces the approach of the officer who delivers Florestan—all are there—every bar trembles with dramatic emotion, and each of the three is truly an overture to *Fidelio*.

Very true and very well put, *cher maitre*; but why did not you do all the rest as well, instead of making the inextricable imbroglia that you have out of a very plain story? To compare one great man with another, let us see how Robert Schumann tells the story—a story he was very fond of, as he well might be—in his *Gesammelte Schriften*. And here I gladly fall back on the excellent translation ("elegantly free" some discerning critic lately styled it, and I rather like the term) in the *Shilling Magazine* (why "Shilling," Mr. Lucas?—it's honestly worth half-a-crown) for October last:—

"Many a one must remember that evening with delight when, under Mendelssohn's direction, the Leipzig orchestra played the four overtures to *Leonora* one after another. We noticed the occurrence at the time, but we return to the subject because the fourth overture (second in order of composition), has just appeared in print.

"As to the order in which Beethoven wrote the overtures there can hardly be a doubt. To many the one now before us will probably seem to be the first—that which the composer originally intended for his opera; for it has all the character of a bold first attempt, written in the greatest delight at the completion of his work, and reflecting all its principal points. Schindler's book, however, effectually settles the doubt. According to his express statement the following are the facts of the case. The overture which Beethoven first wrote is that published after his death by Haslinger as Opus 138. It was played at Vienna only to a select assembly of connoisseurs, and was by them with one voice dismissed as 'too trivial.' Thereupon Beethoven in irritation wrote that which has just been published (1842) by Breitkopf and Härtel, and which he afterwards altered into the well-known No. 3 in C major. Lastly, in 1815, he wrote the fourth overture, in E, when *Fidelio* was again brought on the stage.

"Musicians are pretty nearly agreed that the third overture is the most effective and the most artistically finished; but let no one undervalue the first. With the exception of a single weak passage (p. 18) it is a charming and spirited composition, and thoroughly worthy of Beethoven. The introduction, the transition to the *allegro*, the first subject, the allusion to Florestan's air, the *crescendo* at the close—each of these displays the rich, genial spirit of the composer. But far more interesting still are the relations of No. 2 to No. 3. Here the artist is pleased to reveal himself in the very process of creation. How he altered—how he rejected, both ideas and instrumentation—how impossible he finds it to throw aside Florestan's air—how the

\* Some mistake, my dear B., it was No. 3 you conducted at Drury Lane. The real No. 2 was played three times before the opera at Vienna in November, 1805, and then suppressed (in favour of No. 3) till the 11th January, 1840, when it was performed with its three sisters at the Gewandhaus Concert, under Mendelssohn's direction.

† Wrong again. The one you are talking of (the real No. 3) was played as the overture to the opera as long as it remained on the boards at Vienna.

‡ Hear, hear! This "third," as you will have it, was really the first of all, never performed at all as a prelude to this opera, but stifled as soon as born by that committee of notables (bless 'em) who sat upon it in 1805 at Vienna, and pronounced it "too trivial," and many thanks to 'em, too. It was published by Haslinger (as Op. 138) in 1835 (Thayer).

§ Welcome, most excellent Hector, right at last.

¶ Softly. Who says "conclusively" but you? In London we generally play No. 3 (your No. 2) before the opera (and as generally encore it).

three opening bars of that air pervade the entire piece—how he cannot give up even the trumpet-call behind the scenes, but makes it far finer in the third than in the second—how he gave himself no rest or peace till he had brought his work to that pitch of perfection which is so astonishing in the third overture—to observe and compare these things is one of the most interesting and improving tasks the student can undertake. Most gladly would we go through the two step by step."

Well done, Robert; you genial, enthusiastic, hero-worshipping, and withal, accurate soul! There is more to the same effect where the above came from, strongly recommended to the notice of all Beethovenites.—Yours, my dear Peters, as long as you stand up for Beethoven, affectionately,  
FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (Bart.)

Feb. 26.

WE are behind-hand in our record of the doings of the Monday Popular Concerts, but shall shortly make up for past remissness. Meanwhile we may call attention to the fact, that the return of Signor Piatti to his post has restored Mr. A. Chappell's quartet to its normal state. This most admirable of violoncellists was never in finer play. The performance of Beethoven's quartet in F major—the last of the immortal "seventeen"—on the night of Piatti's return, was a brilliant augury of what is to come. The incomparable Joachim, as first violin, that genuine artist, Ludwig Straus, as tenor, and Piatti as violoncellist, with so competent a second violin as L. Ries, formed a truly model-quartet; and Beethoven's "*Muss es sein?*" was never asked more eloquently, or answered with more emphatic clearness. "*Es muss sein!*" was the unanimous verdict, while this marvellously fine performance of a wonderful work went on. "*So muss es immer sein!*" The wish was father to the thought. On the same evening Signor Piatti played to admiration the violoncello sonata in F (Op. 5), by the same "immeasurably rich master"—with Mr. Hallé, both performers being rapturously called back at the end. On the Monday following, when Mozart's newly revived *Divertimento* was "interpreted" by Joachim, Straus, and Piatti (imagine how!), and Mendelssohn's fiery second trio by Arabella Goddard, Joachim and Piatti (imagine how!), Joachim took the tenor part in one of Haydn's most vigorous quartets, yielding the first violin to Straus. The act was graceful and artistically brother-like; but the compliment was richly merited. Never were these excellent entertainments more prosperous than now, and never did full tide of prosperity flow in a worthier direction.

The morning performance of to-day is the TWO HUNDREDTH MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT. COVENTRY FISH.

A CONCERT—headed "M. Jullien's Grand Orchestral and Vocal Concert"—is, we are informed, to take place at St. James's Hall, on the 21st instant. The concert has been organised by Mr. John Boosey, and is given, we believe, by that gentleman for the benefit of M. Jullien. Some of the most eminent artists in London have already volunteered their services, and there seems to be no doubt that M. Jullien, who has invariably proved himself worthy the support of the artist as well as the public, will have a bumper benefit. Next week full particulars of the performance will appear in our advertisement columns.

M. ST. GEORGES, the author of one hundred librettos, is about to yoke himself to matrimony.

MR. BALFE is still in Paris, arranging preliminaries for the production of his *Bohemian Girl* at the Théâtre-Lyrique. His new opera, on the subject of Walter Scott's *Talisman*, is, we understand, completely finished.

MR. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.—Mr. Sullivan has finished his symphony, and the rehearsals have already begun at the Crystal Palace under the watchful direction of Herr Auguste Manns.

MR. JARRETT, who has been conducting the Gräzi-Mario-Piatti tour in the provinces, is now in London.

### Peters' Pillar Post.

[Reprinted, by desire, with corrections of printer's errors, pillar-postian additions, &c.]

Dr. Breen has dropped in the Pillar Post a letter which, though full of stuff, is too long for insertion. One part of it, however, is just at this moment more or less *à propos*. Dr. Breen is in ecstasies with the Director of the Musical Union, who, notwithstanding the widely-circulated fact that he has made arrangements with his lawyer to "leave £1000 to the nation," has forwarded five pounds to an "enterprising publisher" for showing up a system which, according to Coleridge (Q.C.), if not to Cocker, is "generally known to prevail." Dr. Breen adds that "the Director of the Musical Union has made a position and a fortune by pursuing a wholly different course"—by which Dr. Breen intends to convey that the Potentate whose death will so greatly benefit "the nation" never for his own advantage accepted the gratuitous services of singers and players. Dr. Breen further posts up his determination himself to transmit half-a-crown to the enterprising publisher, and also, at his (Dr. Breen's) death, to bequeath double that sum to the nation.

Dr. Breen's logic is not clear. Nevertheless, it becomes the duty of the guardian of Peters' Pillar Post to rake among old papers. Raking among old papers, he rakes out a number of the *Athenæum*—Saturday, Jan. 4, 1845—which contains, under the quaint and dainty title of "*Music for Gentle and Simple*," a very long protest in general against the system shown up by the enterprising publisher. The tail of this protest is devoted to an examination of the prospectus announcing the speedy advent of the Musical Union, directed by John Ella, Esq., late of the "*Réunions Musicales*," which till then had diverted the "Upper Ten" at the expense of singers and players, foreign and native, who gave their services for the *beaux yeux* of Mr. Ella and the *sourires affables* of his aristocratic friends. The tail is appended:—

"The necessity for offering remarks like the above has been long present to us; that they are not mistimed, we think, is warranted by the prospectus now in circulation, and advertised in the daily papers, of 'A Musical Union,' to be held under the direction of Mr. Ella, at that gentleman's residence, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the patronage of the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl of Falmouth, Viscount Templeton, Viscount Adare, Lord Saltoun, Sir George Clerk, Sir Andrew Barnard, Sir John Campbell, and a distinguished committee, the object of which is to give *matinées* of the choicest instrumental chamber music, once a fortnight, from February to August—or, to count by the almanac, thirteen concerts—"one guinea being paid on receiving the card of membership."

"The 'Musical Union,' the public are informed, "will be conducted in the same spirit—with every improvement of which the idea is susceptible—as the *Réunions Musicales* of Mr. Ella last season, when the following artists honoured him with their company:—Messrs. Mendelssohn, Costa, Moscheles, Döhler, Benedict, Thalberg, Ernst, Sivori, Piatti, Sainton, Joachim, Meyer, Offenbach, Puzzi, Rousselot, Barret, Lazarus, Hill, Dragonetti, Schulz, F. Cramer, Lucas, Macfarren, J. B. Cramer, &c." The *réunions* referred to were private parties at which all the above artists (save, perhaps, Signora Costa and Lablache) performed—and gratuitously. Are we, then, to understand that now, when the undertaking has assumed a professional form, the same artists will perform professionally? Let us look into the matter more closely. We will assume that the director makes to the "Musical Union" a free gift of his time, services, and rooms (the latter alone involving a present worth some fifty guineas), without thought of remuneration, past, present, or to come. Still the mere current expenses of the undertaking (including the publication of a "record," which is to commemorate the proceedings of the society) can hardly be less than four or five guineas a concert. We will assume the Union to number two hundred members, the largest number which can be accommodated in a private room—thus only eleven guineas a concert are left for the chamber musicians! How are we to reconcile this with paying, at their scale of remuneration, the professors named on the above list? Why, any single one of the first five pianists here named (not to begin with the Ernsts and Sivoris) would of his sole self more than absorb the whole disposable sum; so that if two artists

were wanted in concerts, the Musical Union would speedily become the Musical Ruin. But instrumental chamber music demands three four, five, up to nine executants;—not all, indeed, equally high in the scale of remuneration. If, therefore, the Thalbergs and the Ernsts are to be heard, it must be gratuitously, or on abated terms; and the question naturally arises, how the great names of President, Vice-President and Committee are brought to bear on the negotiation, it being recollected that these are no benefit meetings at which one artist borrows of another the help he is willing to return—but exhibitions of the choicest master-works, demanding the most elaborate training and the most careful rehearsal, for the delectation or the instruction of some of the highest personages in the kingdom."

Now the guardian of the Pillar Post cannot detect the difference between the system pursued by Mr. Ella in the conduct of his *Réunions Musicales*, or at that time of his Musical Union, and the system shown up by the enterprising publisher, who has been rewarded with £5 by Mr. Ella, and who is about to be rewarded with half-a-crown by Dr. Breen. More especially as Mr. Ella himself was a reporter for the press, if his reminder in the "Record" of how he frightened Mendelssohn into using the "*bâton*," at the Philharmonic Concerts, under a threat that, should Mendelssohn refuse, he would "hear from X.Y.Z. in the *Post*," be worth credit. Had Mr. Desmond Ryan been able to establish his concerts on such conditions, no doubt he also would have paid (at least) "thirty-six guineas" for three performances to a player like the late Ernst, just as Mr. Ella tells the enterprising publisher he (Ella) did on a certain occasion—besides paying all the rest of the singers and players their terms, just as he (Ella) did not, at the *Réunions Musicales* and in the early days of the Musical Union.

Since the foregoing was revised the subjoined curious letter was dropped into the Pillar Post. It manifestly requires a key, and perhaps Dr. Egg, the dropper, will supply one at his earliest convenience.

DEAR SIR,—I was not aware of your *Fiddling* acquirements until Friday, which makes you a welcome visitor to the opening of the ——. I am not empowered to ask any person but as a private guest; but as I have all my professional life been on terms of friendship with the proprietor, and for years contributed to the —, I naturally hope that the — will have the benefit of a favourable notice. You will much oblige me by viewing the Institution based on principle and having no mediocrity in its character. I forego a very great pleasure in yielding the second violin and viola (which even that *renegade* — told me last year I played . . . .) to others; you can sympathize with the feelings of an *artiste* in this respect? I hope you will find the —, with the analysis of the —, worthy of commendation. I am forbid by the committee to answer any attacks of mongrel emasculated critics like —, or to print in the — any opinions of my own on the performances at the —, but I may extract yours WHEN SUITABLE. There never was started a — institution founded of such "mental material" as I hope you will find this. I have visited the institutions abroad, and I now supply the *desideratum* in defence of my country—so abused, so sneered, so written against by foreign musicians. Of course, every institution supported by the aristocracy must have enemies amongst levellers, republicans, and *atheists*; but I think you will agree with Guizot, whom I heard from the Tribune say, "that the Government of England did not give subscriptions to the theatres because the fine arts were patronized and protected by a rich and powerful aristocracy." Now, if we are to ridicule the aristocracy, where must we seek for patronage? From August 20th, 1844, to March 11th, 1845, I, —, twenty-two years member of the —, and seven years *ripieno* first —, have not earned one farthing by my practical skill on the instrument I profess most to understand. This fact speaks volumes. There is one more remark. I am entrusted with the sole — direction, and authorised to invite any artist of genius, talent, and RESPECTABILITY, foreign or native, to the meetings. The committee and myself are responsible alone for the morale of the society. I shall neglect no one, and not

\* For what, then?—Printer's Devil.

join any faction, or favour any party. What are my — qualifications it may be asked by the envious? Here they are: I have been many years member of all the great —, am a pupil of — and —, am devoted to my profession, and am Director of the Noblemen and Gentlemen's —, and am the GUEST of the leading members of the —. Talent and Character—a modicum of the former combined has given me the power of organizing this society, which I opine will lead to great results.—Truly yours,  
70, — Street, March 10th, 1847.

Dr. Egg's own letter, which accompanied his dropping, stands over for consideration. Byegones should be byegones. Nevertheless, if —

A parting search in the Pillar Post has brought to light three more rhymes, the first judicial:—

There was an old probate Judge, Wild,  
Who could touch pitch yet not be defiled:  
For daily he'd handle  
Some very wild scandal,  
And continue in name only Wild.

The second bovine:—

There was an old cattle-disease,  
Which might be disposed of with ease,  
If we had a wise pato  
At the head of the state,  
But we havn't, and that's our disease.

The third astronomical:—

There was a professor called Airy,  
Who the Milky Way put in his dairy.  
While the Great Bear he led  
About with him, and fed  
On food much less solid than airy.

To conclude, "a Hatfellow Commoner," having missed the *Pertersii Meditatio* in which was revived the libellous rhyme on the Lord Chief Justice, begs it may be rerevived. There can be no objection to its rerevival.

There was a Lord Chief Justice Cockburn,  
Who made both a grave and a sober'un,  
His judgments and summings  
Betrayed no shortcomings,  
To be just being the chief aim of Cockburn.

As this goes to press, more rhymes, letters, and resuscitated articles have been dropped into the Pillar Post; but they must all 'stand over.'

Ps. Pr. Post—March 2.

B. P.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second Soirée Musicale took place on Tuesday evening, the 20th ult., in presence of a large number of the members and their friends. A quartet, composed by Mr. John Francis Barnett, and played by MM. Pollitzer, M. Mori, Witt and Paque, was very favorably received. An amateur pianist, Mrs. Moxon, assisted Herr Pollitzer and M. Paque, in Hummel's Trio in E flat. Mr. J. F. Barnett was encored in a pianoforte solo, "The Return of Spring." Most noticeable among the singers were Miss Agnes Palmer, who was encored in "Voi che sapete," and Miss Jenny Pratt, who exhibited a fine contralto voice in the grand air from *Semiramide*, "Ah! quel giorno."

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, DRURY LANE.—On dit, that Mdle. Nilsson, from the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, is engaged, and that French operas will be produced especially for her.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The great theatre in the Haymarket will open on Saturday, the 7th of April. Among the earliest novelties projected is *Dinorah*, which will be got up expressly for Madlle Ilma de Murska, with Signor Gardoni as Corentino and Mr. Santley as Hoël.

MR. BALFE is hourly expected to arrive in London.

MR. SANTLEY has returned to London. *Nunc est bibendum!*

CRYSTAL PALACE MUSIC.—At the Crystal Palace to day, among other things, the "Italian Symphony" of Mendelssohn and Schumann's overture to *Manfred* will be performed.

## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Lent is the season of no novelty in theatrical affairs. At least in France—or Paris. Managers are good Catholics and like to keep their audiences fasting during the *Carême*; that is "fasting" in the received acceptation of the term—refraining from meat. Every theatre keeps back its most attractive dish for the holidays, and treats its visitors to the well-established *plats*, or *entremets*, and bids them hope for better by and bye. It is well that the Parisians are so easily satisfied, since, in my humble opinion, it makes little difference to the public—that is, if we believe the journals—whether a new piece or an old piece be represented. If we are to credit the newspapers, every theatre in the metropolis is crowded every night and the receipts are at the maximum. I have seen this announcement repeatedly made of a theatre, the representation to which allusion was made being very indifferently attended, and the receipts, to my own knowledge, not realising half the expenses. But indeed the gentlemen of the press here are always desirous of using their power in the kindest manner possible, and attesting the generosity independent of acquaintance-ship which exists between them and managers and artists.

Of course the long fast and its dreary routine will be gloriously condoned by the brilliant doings at Easter, and Paris is expected to be all a-blaze with novelty and splendour during the holidays. I cannot tell you exactly just now how and by what means the directors purport glorifying the sacred period, but each one is intent on some dazzling surprise; nor must I say more at present than that there is not one theatre in which poets, painters, carpenters, musicians, dancers, dress-makers, machinists, gasmen and conductors are not as busy as bees—I mean, as bees.

At the Académie Impériale de Musique I find nothing has happened worth recording except that M. Naudin being indisposed, M. Warot, sans announcement, performed the part of Vasco da Gama on two separate occasions, and on the third separate occasion—when the manager thought it nothing but fair to M. Warot to put his name in the bills as representative of the character—lo! suddenly comes in me M. Naudin, perfectly recovered, puts me M. Warot aside, and, heedless alike of management or announcement, walks me on the stage, and sings the music of Vasco da Gama as well as ever he did—which, *entre nous* and with the latch on the door, is not saying much for the favorite tenor. Signor Verdi, I am gravely informed, has finished nearly two acts of his new opera *Don Carlos*, and the cast, except in the instance of the tenor—which is the chief character—is determined on. Mdles. Saxe and Bloch, MM. Faure, Obin and Belval are already named among the *dramatis personæ*.

The Opéra-Comique has announced two new works, one of which is more than three years old. *La Colombe*, by M. Gounod, has already been played at Baden-Baden without success. It will be recommended at the Opéra-Comique in the performance by Mdles. Cico and Girard, MM. Capoul and Bataille. *Zilda* is an opera in two acts by M. Flotow, words by M. de Saint-Georges. Madame Marie Cabel will sustain the principal character.

Except that a new *divertissement*, called *Gli Elementi*, by M. Saint-Léon, music by Signor Pagni, has been produced and coldly received, there is in reality nothing new to be told you of the doings at the Italiens, unless indeed the fact that Signor Graziani made his first appearance this season as the Jester in *Rigoletto*, on Monday, be worth recording. I venture to assert that no artist ever appeared on any stage more totally unprovided by nature or education for any part than Signor Graziani for the King's Fool in Verdi's opera. The popular barytone has voice certainly, and voice covers a multitude of vocal sins, and, to speak in his favor, he may be held up as perfect an exemplar as could be adduced of the saying: "Vox et preterea nihil." So let him have the benefit of the saying, and let all the blame of selecting him for a character which the Olympian Gods made inaccessible to him fall on the directors. By the way, having mentioned the *divertissement Gli Elementi*, does my memory deceive me, or do I falsely summon from the misty past a ballet brought out many years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre under the name of *Les Eléments*? I am ill at remembrances of dances, *dansesuses* and the whole family and history of *Terpsichore*.

The two hundredth representation of M. Gounod's *Faust* has



been celebrated at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The rehearsals of *Don Giovanni*—or *Don Juan*, as it will have to be entitled in French, as it is entitled in German—are being actively proceeded with. Mozart's opera, it is expected, will be made to sanctify the Easter holidays.

The second of the third series of Popular Concerts of Classical Music was given on Sunday with the following programme:—Overture to *Prometheus*—Beethoven; Symphony in A major—Mendelssohn; Andante and Minuet from *Serenade*—Mozart; Concerto in C minor for pianoforte—Beethoven; Overture to *Le Jeune Henri*—Méhul.

Same day at the Subscription Concert of the Conservatoire the selection comprised:—Symphony in A major—Mendelssohn; Alla Triunita, chorus; Adagio from the Septuor—Beethoven; "Credo," from Mass—Cherubini; Overture to *Oberon*—Weber.

I have read in the *Presse Théâtrale* a few details on the subject of Liszt's Mass, which, knowing your and your readers' interest in aught that concerns the enharmonic Abbé, I have translated without reservation.

"The denomination of 'Messe du Couronnement' "—writes that engaging sheet—"has been bestowed by mistake on the work which is announced to be performed at Saint-Eustache on the 15th of March. It has been composed, as the title of the partition indicates, at the request of His Eminence the Cardinal Szitoviky, prince primate of Hungary, for the consecration of the palatial church (*basilique*) of Gran, metropolitan church of Hungary, whence the German title 'Graner Messe.'

"The first performance took place on this occasion, in the month of August, 1855, in presence of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, archdukes, and a large number of cardinals and bishops. Since then the Mass has been executed three times at Pesth, twice at Vienna, Prague and Leipsic, and, lastly, three times at Amsterdam.

"The rehearsals of Liszt's Mass have already commenced at Saint-Eustache. M. Hurand, chapel-master of the church, has called together the "bann and arriere-bann" of his usual executants. The choral force will number about one hundred and sixty singers. The orchestra will reckon not less than eighty instruments, belonging to the Théâtre-Italien and the Grand Opéra. Madame the Baroness de Caters has consented to undertake an important solo. The other solos will have for interpreters the most distinguished talent, among others M. Warot of the Opéra, whose clear and sympathetic voice consorts so well with the interpretation of religious music."

The Abbé, I heard but cannot certify, has arrived in Paris.

Paris, Feb.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

#### THE ARGUMENTUM AD VENTREM.

(From the Illustrated Times.)

The commotion caused in the musical world by the case of "Ryan v. Wood" is by no means at an end. On the one hand, a subscription has been opened for the payment of the defendant's costs; and among the subscribers the name appears of one musician who, in former days, himself officiated in the joint capacity of concert-giver and critic. On the other, the plaintiff is so little satisfied with the result of the action that he has announced, through his solicitor, his intention to take proceedings against the defendant for perjury. In the last number of the *Orchestra*, the correspondence on the subject between the two solicitors will be found. Mr. Ryan's solicitor announces that as Mr. Wood "insisted on the truth of the libels published," and as he "did not attempt to substantiate them, and allowed the same to go forth to the world as true," that he will attack him for perjury committed in the affidavit made on the application for postponement of trial. To this Mr. Wood's solicitor replies that whenever Mr. Ryan may see fit to carry his threat into execution he shall be prepared to meet it. He adds that, having succeeded in his civil action, he is "surprised to find Mr. Ryan seriously contemplating a criminal prosecution against a man who, as he knows, has no personal feeling whatever against him; and of whose hospitality he has, according to his own statement in the witness-box, partaken of within the last eighteen months." This is probably the first time that the *argumentum ad ventrem* has been used in a lawyer's letter.

#### ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

SIR,—Mr. Gye has addressed the following letter to a weekly contemporary:—

To the Editor of the OBSERVER.

SIR,—An article taken from *The Observer* of last Sunday has been forwarded to me at this city. I do not, of course, know from what source the account of the proceedings at a meeting which took place at my theatre on Saturday last was derived, but some of the statements said in your report to have been made are so very incorrect that I must beg the favour of your inserting this letter in your next impression. No person attended the meeting in question on my behalf; it appears, indeed, to have been a sudden one, and the first I heard of it was by telegraph on Monday last. I have nothing whatever to do with the transactions of the English Opera Company beyond that they are my tenants for the winter season. The company are considerably in my debt, and I am sorry to say that that debt is now increasing every day, and will increase until the end of the company's season, which terminates on March 17th next.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Berlin, Feb. 22.

FREDERICK GYE.

As this letter contains matter not to be found in the other correspondence which has appeared, I thought you might like to see and afford it the extra-advantage of your circulation.—Yours obediently,

D. Peters, Esq., Feb. 27.

#### MR. SANTLEY.

"In last week's impression,"—says *The Sunday Times*—"we much questioned the rumored failure of our great vocal representative in Milan, and this week we are favored with a letter from a well-known gentleman which will set the matter at rest; and a correspondent residing at Milan, Mr. John B. Artaud, likewise writes us to the effect that Mr. Santley appeared in *Il Trovatore* and *Il Templario*, and created a profound sensation, although he was most wretchedly supported, and that he was the only one who gained any applause":—

CHELTENHAM.

SIR,—As you wish to know whether Mr. Santley did or did not succeed in Italy, I can furnish you with information on the subject, as I was in Milan at the time, and present on the occasion of his *début* at La Scala, in the opera of *Il Trovatore*. The history of his first appearance is simply this. The subscribers were enraged with the impresario for announcing a used-up opera, after having been promised nothing but novelties, and they determined to condemn it. Accordingly, they began with the very first piece of music, and continued to shew their disapprobation until the entrée of Mr. Santley. Being a stranger, they determined to hear what he could do; his aria, "Il balen," was frequently interrupted by spontaneous bravos, and at its conclusion he was rapturously applauded and recalled. The hisses were always renewed when the other performers sang, and invariably ceased whenever Mr. Santley was concerned in the scene. *Il Pungolo*, *La Perseveranza*, and the other leading papers, gave the most flattering notices of him (if any weight is to be attached to Italian journalism); but, whatever newspapers may say, the public, after all, is the real critic, and it certainly delivered its fiat in his favor. I have taken the trouble to write this letter in justice to, and in vindication of, a great artist who does honor to our profession, and if you consider my testimony worthy of belief, I shall feel obliged by your publication of it; if not, alas! for poor Mr. Santley and the integrity of yours obediently,

JOHN BARNETT.

[The Milan correspondence of the *Musical World*, as its readers may remember, bore precisely similar testimony.—D. P.]

HERR JOACHIM is engaged to play at the concert of the Popular Concerts of Classical Music on the 8th instant, when he will perform Mendelssohn's Concerto.

LEEDS (From a Correspondent).—The musical taste of Yorkshire has hitherto been confined to Handel, but Dr. Spark, organist of Leeds Town Hall, has been endeavouring to render popular the works of other eminent composers. At Leeds Mechanic's Institution he gave a lecture on "The Life and Works of Beethoven," and at Holbeck Mechanics' Institution on "The Life and Compositions of Mozart," illustrated with a choice selection, vocal and instrumental. There was a very crowded audience on each occasion, and the frequent and hearty applause showed the gratification which had been afforded.

MUNICH.—The first performance of Liszt's oratorio, *Sainte-Elizabeth*, was announced for the 24th ult.

## THE CAMPANELLA SCHOOLS.

Amongst the number of excellent educational institutions in London that conducted by Signor and Signora Campanella at 13, Clifton Gardens, Maida Hill—assisted by Miss Shipton, the resident governess, and by the most eminent professors—may be considered as one of the most interesting.

Commenced in the year 1853, this school has regularly increased in the number of pupils and in usefulness. It is not, however, our intention at present to dwell upon the merits by which it is distinguished or upon the principles by which its religious, scientific, and social spirit is animated. Our object is to call attention to a novel and brilliant *bal-en-costume* to which the parents and friends of the pupils were invited on the 2nd of this month to celebrate the birthday of Signor Campanella. Instead of prizes, medals, or other stimulus of the same kind, this pleasant evening was given to all the pupils of the institution as a reward for past labour and an incitement to future progress. About nine in the evening the carriages began to arrive, and continued in quick succession until the rooms of the House Campanella were crowded with visitors in costumes of various countries, ancient and modern, forming a scene so new and surprising that it would be impossible adequately to describe it. To form some idea of it one must imagine a merry meeting of kings, princes and princesses, matrons and gentlemen, youths and maidens, in costumes differing each from the other. There we found Charles I., Henry VIII., Louis XIV. There, were Spaniards, Greeks, Albanians, Persians, Indians, Hungarians! Highlanders and Poles, persons distinguished in the emigration of 1848 and 49 (amongst whom was the orator, Alessandra Gavazzi)—there were Roman matrons, English ladies (Lady Jane Seymour), French and Spanish Dames.

To increase the variety and gaiety of the multifarious society, as the light and shade in a large picture, there was not wanting Harlequin with his wand, Clown, the Wandering Minstrel, the French Pierrot, the Court Jester, the Hamlet of Shakespeare, the Garataldino, the Neapolitan Brigand, the Gypsy, the Spanish Dancer, the Margaret of Faust, the Swiss Peasant, the Savoyard Girl, the Roman Contadina, French and German Peasant Girls, a Fairy, the Morning Star, the Snowflake, Little Red Riding-hood, the Evening Star, and the Queen of the Flowers. The picture of so many young, merry faces smiling at their own transformation and at that of their companions, of so many parents amused at the appearance of their little Roman, Swiss, and French peasant girls, the absence of the monstrous mountains of muslin and ermine as in little red or blue skirts and laced bodices they joined merrily in the quadrille—all formed a scene than which few could be more amusing. Additional life and gaiety were given to the evening by the performance of select pieces of music from the Professors Bellini and Verdi, and from Signor Campana and Signor Campanella. These, at intervals between the quadrilles, were sung by the Signorina Ricciuti, by the tenor Agretti, and by a chorus of the pupils of the institution. The buffo duet in the opera, *Chiara di Rosenberg*, of Ricci, sung by the Neapolitan Brigand and the Garibaldino, was received with immense applause. The characteristic words addressed by the Garibaldino (Signor Campanella, in his powerful, harmonious voice)—“Che l'antipatica vostra figura!”—to the Brigand seemed a prelude to the day when the spirit of Garibaldi shall have driven brigandage from his country.

It would be superfluous to speak of the courtesy and kindness of the Signori Campanella to their guests. We will only add that the festival did not conclude until four on the following morning, and that the numerous guests (above 160 persons were present) declared themselves perfectly satisfied, it having, they said, combined Italian generosity and genius with English dignity and decorum. C. S.

**HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**—On Tuesday Miss Helen Bliss, a promising young pianist (pupil of Mr. Benedict), assisted by several well-known artists, gave a concert in the above rooms. The young lady in her performance of several pieces displayed much taste and considerable executive power, especially in a duet (Osborne's “les Huguenots”), with Mr. Benedict. The programme was out of the way long. We can afford to speak favourably of Herr Carl Rose, a violinist, with a pleasant tone, and very neat execution. Miss Fanny Armytage in “Ben e ridicolo,” and “I cannot sing the old songs,” gained hearty and well-merited applause; Miss Adelaide Bliss (sister of the beneficere), Miss Palmer Lisle, Mdme. Harriett Lee—who sang a new and very charming song, by M. Benedict, “Rock me to sleep”—Miss Berry Greening, Mr. Frank Elmore—who sang his own song “Fairy Lilian,” in a very pleasing style—Mr. Whiffin, Mr. Renwick, and Mr. Denbigh Menton, all helped their best to entertain the audience. The concert was conducted by M. Benedict, whose valuable aid in the duet with Miss Bliss, and in accompanying the various vocal pieces, assisted very materially the success of the concert.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Sir,—Thanks to the decision of the Lord Chamberlain, as communicated officially the other day to the Middlesex magistrates, we are not to be deprived this season of our morning concerts. The proprietor of a music-hall had discovered that, by an act passed in the reign of George II., called “An act for the prevention of thefts in places of public entertainment,” or by some similar title, it was illegal to give concerts before five in the afternoon. The notion of the Legislature in passing this act appears to have been that the frequenters of theatres and concert-rooms were sure to misconduct themselves at whatever time they might assemble, and that the more their opportunities for doing so were limited the better it would be. I believe that, according to the strict letter of the law, the brilliant audiences who for a long series of years have attended morning concerts of various kinds at the Hanover Square Rooms, have thereby rendered themselves liable to severe penalties. Any person or persons found by a constable in a place of public entertainment before five o'clock in the afternoon, might, by the “25th of George II.,” be taken before the nearest justice of the peace, and required to give an account of him, her, or themselves; and, in case of this account being found unsatisfactory, committed to prison for seven days. The music-hall proprietors, by way of proving that the act under which they had been attacked was, in many of its provisions, absurd, had pressed for the enforcement of an exact observance of all its clauses, and for a few weeks morning concerts were forbidden entertainments. This character they have now lost, and the proprietors of the Hanover Square Rooms, St. James's Hall, and other places, especially devoted to musical performances, are at liberty to open their doors to the public at morning and noon, as well as at night.

Hitherto the most remarkable, if not the only, morning concerts given this season have been the Saturday reproductions of the well-known “Monday Populars.” Some three or four years ago it occurred to Mr. Arthur Chappell to give a complete course of Beethoven's sonatas in a series of eight concerts. The idea was a happy one, and seemed to be particularly appreciated by pianoforte professors, who, music-book in hand, attended the concerts in large numbers. Mr. Charles Halle was the pianist; from him Mr. Clementi Smith, of Islington, and Mr. Cramer Jones, of Turnham Green, took lessons, which they afterwards, no doubt, communicated at so much an hour to their pupils. The pupils, too, were themselves attracted; and those who were sufficiently advanced to do so must have profited immensely through Mr. Halle's “teaching by example.” As the general public also came to hear Mr. Halle's admirable interpretations of Beethoven, it seemed strange that, after a time, these Beethoven-sonata concerts should have been discontinued. Perhaps, however, one single hearing of each sonata sufficed both for the professors and the pupils; while the general public may have taken a dislike to the whole series from a suspicion that it was intended not so much to amuse them as to improve their taste. However this may have been, the Beethoven sonata concerts were soon replaced by a series of imitation “Monday Populars,” which only differ from the originals in being given on Saturday mornings instead of Monday evenings. The “Monday Popular Concert” of Saturday last (to employ the exact title under which these entertainments are advertised, and which, however incorrect in a verbal sense, at least serves to indicate their nature) was an excellent specimen of its class. The quartet was led by Joachim; Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist; and Signor Piatti the violoncellist. In one piece, Beethoven's trio in C minor, these three admirable artists were heard together. In the opening quartet, led, as before stated, by M. Joachim, and in which the violoncello was of course taken by Signor Piatti, the intermediate parts (second violin and viola) were assigned to Messrs. Ries and Hann. The one vocalist was Mr. Patey, and the short, well-chosen programme was as follows:—

PART I.			
Quartet, in D minor, No. 2.	.....	.....	Mozart.
Song, “The Valley”	.....	.....	Gounod.
Sonata in C, Op. 53 (to Count Waldstein)	.....	.....	Beethoven.
PART II.			
Song, “The Bellringer”	.....	.....	Wallace.
Trio in C minor, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	.....	.....	Beethoven.

It seemed a pity that M. Joachim should have no solo; but both the pieces in which he took part afforded him abundant opportunities for the display of his unrivalled talent. The one solo

instrumental performance of the evening was that of Madame Arabella Goddard, who executed the difficult but thoroughly beautiful sonata set down for her in marvellous style. This is the "symphony for the piano" which, according to M. Lenz, can only have justice done to it by "the steel fingers of a Liszt," and which ought to be entrusted to a series of players, to be employed, like post horses, stage by stage, or period by period. The author of *Beethoven and his Three Styles* would surely have been satisfied could he have heard the sonata in question played as Madame Arabella Goddard played it on Saturday last.

P. S.—By way of *postscriptum* the recent case of "Ryan v. Wood" suggests some questions in connection with periodical criticism to which it is not very easy to give positive replies. There is, of course, no difficulty in deciding if a critic ought to accept presents, either in the form of gratuitous services or in any other shape, from those whom he may be called upon to criticise. The question is to what extent he has a right to be intimate with those to whom he stands in such delicate relations; and whether the literary reviewer and the writer of political articles ought not to be bound by precisely the same laws as the musical critic. Charles Lamb complained, a good many years ago, that the theatrical critics of his time had got too much into the habit of dining with the actors, and he remarked that what passed for a criticism was often "only a reminiscence of last Thursday's turbot and lobster sauce." He did not accuse critics of selling their honour for a slice of turbot and a mess of lobster. He merely pointed out that a critic who dined with an actor could not attack him in print directly afterwards. A literary critic who has just been entertained by an author might, in the same way, be suspected of inability to go home and write a slashing article on his host's latest book. How, too, is the pictorial critic to pass an impartial opinion on the works of the painter at whose hospitable board he has recently fed?—and with what liberty can the political writer judge the conduct of the Minister or high official who has just entertained him? Reverse the position and let the critic be the entertainer. Still his hands are tied. There is a duty of host to guest, and you cannot ask a man to dinner one day and tell him the day afterwards—and, what is so much worse, tell the public—that you think his measures impolitic, his pictures unsightly, his books unreadable, or his performance on the stage intolerable. Perhaps the only critics who are absolutely independent and are likely to remain so are those numerous political writers who denounce in all freedom the Pope or the Emperor of Russia, and who are not likely to be called upon, complimented by letter, or otherwise tampered with by either of those Potentates. Excuse this *postscriptum*, in spite of which, I am, yours as usual,  
D. Peters, Esq.

SHAVER SILVER.

WAGNER ILLUSTRATED.—The King of Bavaria some time ago ordered several painters to furnish him with designs for the stories from which Richard Wagner took the subjects for his operas. These works, we are informed, are now completed, and the subjects illustrated are taken from the tales of *Tristan and Isolde*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Le Vaisseau Fantôme*.

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FOR PIANOFORTE.

### GRAND VALSE, 5s.

Played by Madlle. KREBS, at Mellon's Concerts; by Master WILLIE PAPE, at the Concerts of the Nobility; and by the COMPOSER, at all the principal London Concerts, with immense success.—*See the London Papers.*

	S.	D.		S.	D.	
IL FOLLETO (Galop)	-	-	4 0	IL TRAMONTO del SOLE (Pensiero)	4 0	
UN SOGNO D'AMORE (Nocturne)	-	4 0	DANCING LEAVES	-	-	4 0
UNA NOTTE D'ESTATE (Nocturne)	4 0	MERGELLINA* (Barcarole)	-	-	4 0	
ADDIO del PASSATO (Transcription)	4 0	LA HARPE (Morceau de Salon)	-	4 0		
PAS de CHARGE (Morceau de Salon)	4 0	SOUVENIR D'ITALIE (Nocturne)	-	4 0		

### ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS, 6s.

ARRANGED AS A DUET.

### VOCAL MUSIC.

MERGELLINA. Sung by Signor STAGNO	3	0	IL FARFALLINE (The Fop)	-	-	3	0
NON È VER. Romanza	-	-	3	0	Sung by Signor FERRANTI.		

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The only instrumental feature of the concert was found in the pianoforte playing of M. Mattei, a young artiste, who made his first appearance here, and who had certainly attained an uncommon mastery over the difficulties of his instrument. The consummate skill and speed of M. Mattei's passages of interlaced octaves, the lightning-like celerity of arpeggio which he displays, the delicacy of his touch, &c., are all qualities in the highest degree valuable to the aspirant for a virtuoso's laurels. Besides Mendelssohn's first (G minor) concerto, executed together with the orchestra, M. Mattei was heard in a nocturne, and also a "valse for piano solo," which, being encored, he substituted for it "Mergellina," a barcarolle, also from his pen. Subsequently he played a very effectively arranged *pot-pourri*, à la Thalberg, upon Bellini's "Norma," including The March, "Casta Diva," "Qual cor tradisti," and other motifs. The success of M. Mattei who is, we understand, as modest as he is clever, was, in short, complete."—*Dublin Daily Express*, Feb. 3.

"In a fly leaf of the programme it was intimated that Sig. MATTEI was suffering from rheumatism of the arm, and this appeared to indicate some shortcomings in his performances on the piano; but if such an opinion were created, it was soon removed. In the Nocturne and Valse, of his own composition, the brilliancy and sparkling style of his execution at once became manifest; but the testing of his abilities was in the noble and elaborate concerto of Mendelssohn, so familiar to all lovers of the instrument. It was most ably and artistically played. With a repose of manner that showed no fear of meeting its difficulties, he joined a precision of touch, a lightness of fingering,

and a fluency that gave to the concerto the alternating beauties of animation and subdued emotion, by which it is essentially characterised. The applause at the close was marked and most deserved."—*Saunders's News Letter*, Feb. 3.

"A young artist of singular merit—Tito Mattei, pianist to the King of Italy—is now on a visit to this country, and has been delighting the musical public by playing his own compositions for the pianoforte. A number of these have just been published by Messrs. Hutchings and Romer, and their appearance in a printed form will be welcome to our amateurs—those especially who have already enjoyed their beauties through the medium of his own performance. They are all short pieces, not in the elaborate form of the sonata or the fantasia, but "morceaux de salon," calculated as much for private as for public use—for the drawing-room as well as the concert-room. We may mention the titles of a few of them which have struck us as specially attractive:—"Il tramonto del Sole," "Grande Valse de Concert," "Pas de Charge," "Il Folletto, Galop de Concert," "Mergellina, barcarolle," "Dancing Leaves," and two nocturnes, called "Un Sogno d'Amore" and "Una Notte d'Estate." In saying that these pieces are calculated for private as well as public performance, we do not mean that they are calculated for the generality of amateurs. They demand, on the contrary, taste, refinement, a brilliant and rapid finger, and familiarity with the modern style of playing. But in the present cultivated state of music, amateurs of both sexes abound in our musical circles who are capable of doing justice to the finest productions of the art."—*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 24th, 1866.